

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

VOL. XXIII.

ATLANTA, GA., MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 13, 1892.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

BLAINE IS DEAD.

Expiring Echo from the Halls of Minneapolis.

LEADERS GREATLY DISSATISFIED.

Harrison's Coldblooded Friends and Their Methods.

THE OFFICE HOLDERS ARE ON DECK.

The Nomination of Whitelaw Reid May Prove to Be a Load Too Heavy to Carry.

Minneapolis, Minn., June 12.—(Special.) There was, perhaps, never a convention in this country the acts of which caused such unfavorable comment.

There was absolutely no enthusiasm except for a moment when it was discovered that Harrison was nominated, and when McKinley asked if the convention desired to make it unanimous, there were fully 300 delegates who sat silent and grim.

The Work of the Office Holders. Around the corridors of the West house there were many expressions of discontent among the delegates of the northern and eastern states. The majority of the New York delegation were as mad as hornets. They declared openly that it was an outrage to have a candidate thrust upon the party by the votes of a lot of states which could do nothing whatever towards his election.

Ex-Senator Platt said: "If the votes of the people of the democratic states had only been equally divided between the two candidates, Mr. Harrison would not have been nominated; but with these states practically solid for him, and the office-holding delegates and their friends from other states, of course, we could not defeat him. As it is we will go in and attempt to elect him."

But it is quite evident that Platt will not exert himself very much simply for the reason that he does not believe that there is any hope of the republicans carrying New York. The Harrison people, knowing the anger of the men who have always been the leaders of the republican party in New York, wrote to Fassett, begging him to accept the vice presidential nomination. They offered to give it to him unanimously, but he answered that he would not accept under any circumstances.

Then Reid Came In. Then it was decided that Whitelaw Reid should be the nominee. The New York delegation selected him because President Harrison had expressed a preference for him, and, indeed, for a month or more the nomination had been practically determined upon. Had it not been for the discontent of the New Yorkers the nomination would never have been offered Fassett. Reid will be a load upon the ticket on account of the opposition of organized labor to him. Still his nomination was a fitting recognition to the loyalty of the republican press to the president. While a majority of the delegates from the republican and doubtful states are to be numbered among the discontents over the action of the convention, and while they left Minneapolis swearing that the men who nominated Harrison could now elect him, they will all get in line within a few weeks, and will perhaps work just as hard for Harrison's election as they would have worked had Blaine been nominated. The republicans have a little way of fighting among themselves, but when it comes to voting they always manage to get together. Consequently, while the democrats should elect the next president it will be no walk-over, but will take hard and united work, together with a man who is sure of carrying New York, and at the same time is strong in Indiana.

Tom Reed's Disappointment. Perhaps the most disappointed men in the country are Tom Reed and McKinley. Up to Thursday Reed had considered his chances of getting the nomination first class. He had gone to many of his friends and asked their support on the second ballot. He had no idea, even on Friday morning, that Harrison would get it on the first ballot, and it was he who arranged the scheme to have the convention swayed from its course by the influence and magnetism of the enthusiasm of a pretty woman. He had planned the little coup worked upon the convention by the beautiful Mrs. Carson Lake, and had no doubt but that it would have the desired effect. As it was, it occurred on the first day of the convention it would have created a genuine stampede for Blaine. Major McKinley did not expect that his name would appear before the convention until Thursday night, after the Harrison caucus had been held in the afternoon. He was then informed that he would be voted for, and when he learned that he would be voted for, he came in line for him, hope rose in his breast, and Friday morning he felt that his chances of knocking the persimmon were better than those of any other candidate. He, however, does not feel so badly as Tom Reed, for his vote was very complimentary, and has made him a formidable candidate for 1896, while Tom Reed, who had expected great things, secured only three paltry votes. Reed's scheme was to work the south, but the influence of Harrison's promises and the use of cold cash were too much for him. Reed's slim vote removes him forever from presidential possibilities, still McKinley gets out of the way in 1896. Still, the mention of Reed's name in the first day of the convention caused more enthusiasm among the delegates than that of any other man, except Blaine.

What the Newspaper Men Will Do. The newspaper correspondents who came out from Washington as the guests of the Pennsylvania railroad left here this morning for Lake Minnetonka, where they will be entertained by the Minneapolis Press Club, and from there they go up to North Dakota for a few days as the guests of the railroad. They will arrive in Chi-

cago Wednesday morning to attend the democratic convention, which meets Tuesday week.

The Story of Blaine's Slaughter. Here is the neatest piece of descriptive work done on the convention. It appears in the Minneapolis Times, and was written by James Gray, the managing editor: "The done, but yesterday a king. And armed with kings to strive, And now thou art a nameless thing. So abject, yet alive."

These lines of Byron, written to commemorate the fall of Napoleon, are the only words in the language fit to describe the annihilation of James G. Blaine. Blaine, the man of many battles, the Rupert of republicanism, the plumed knight who, like an "armed warrior," marched down the halls of the American congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every defamer of the country and maligner of his honor; Blaine, the anti-type of Clay, is dead, dead, not in fair fight with armor on and lance in hand, but strangled like a criminal in his cell, or like an old horse, shot to death, by the weapon of chills and policy. The republican party could not support him in his old age and in the face his past services demanded. It could not adequately pension him, so it assassinated him with a gurgling cheer in its throat and a tear of repressed passion in its eye.

Numerous were the events of the convention, the last great struggle of the republican party for a hold upon the gallantry and gratitude of Americans, the one overshadowed by the fact of the assault, desecration and mutilation of Blaine. Mythology tells us that on the field of Marston, on a time when Rome was young, the senators went forth with Romulus, the author of their city, and returned without him. When the plebs inquired for him they were assured that a great storm arose when they were in council, and in the midst of it Romulus disappeared. As the conscript fathers explained, the gods took him to themselves after the manner that Jehovah called Elijah higher. This cock and bull story was believed by the unsophisticated, but the reporters alleged that the politicians cut him to pieces and carried his body in sections back to the city under their cloaks. Certain bloody indications about the persons of the senators told this explanation, appalling as it appeared, was the more reasonable.

The republican council is over. The storm of applause is past. The thunder of contention is a memory, and the republican autocrats have departed to their homes, carrying with them the memory of what was the living, breathing James G. Blaine. Depew, as the leading conspirator, has the pose of doubtful honor. He carries the ghastly head of the man who was his life-long friend and the chief promoter of his political ambition. The hand that was so often raised in the defense of republican principles, whether good or bad, belongs of right to William R. McKinley. The bleeding trunk is carried forth by Frank Russell, the most physically capable and mentally deficient of all the band of brigands who turned the hand of assassination against their chief. The republican senators may be able to fool the plebs again. They may persuade the plebs that they are the gods and that he is not, but blood will tell, and when the devoted followers of the once great secretary of the treasury, the body of the prophet for the public funeral, they will find that mutilated with the stabs of his once obsequious retainers.

This is the record of those who struck down Blaine. How stands it with those who put him in a position to be gashed and killed when they brought him out of Elba with the specious promises of a new empire and a revived old guard? Harrison. Who beguiled him with the hope of an army, conquering and to conquer? Quay. Who was his M. Roushy, when the final test of endurance came? Foraker. They all contributed more to the "deep damnable" taking off than Depew or Hisscock or McKinley. They beguiled him with false promises of support. They dragged him from the seclusion of an honorable declination. They induced him to the madness of his rejection from the cabinet. They forced him to violate the solemn promise, "my name will not go before the republican convention." They put him up as a target to be shot, and they refused to expose their bodies to defend his. They dared not go down in the melee with their faces toward the foe, but turned tail and ran. Some threw away their arms and sought safety in ignominious surrender; others, too craven to fight, too fearful to trust in a safe conduct through the enemy's lines, sought another leader and disappeared in the dust of a guerrilla skirmish.

Assassination was not the gravest offense of the convention. There is weeping and wailing today, on the banks of the Kennebec, Captain Boutelle, Blaine's official nemesis, is going back to tell the worshippers that the shrine is broken and the cathedral is closed for forty days to the gods who preside over New England reconcile the ridiculous fiasco with the proud expectations, that their sphinx had but to speak to receive the obeisance of the Canaanites. Can Boutelle explain it? The chances are that he will not try. Can Manley put it in a reasonable light? He can only meander over his figures again and drive on into pitiable lunacy. Can Blaine, himself, divorce his mind long enough from the central fact that he is a ghost, to tell where and when and how he was divested of his corporeal encasement? Wonderful as he is as a juggler, it is evident that Mr. Blaine cannot. He can only whisper with white lips to the spooks of power who now surround him: "Where are we, and how did we get there?" If Benjamin Harrison has a spark of true barbarianism in him, if his Calvinistic education has left a trace of the appetite for revenge upon the bodies of his enemies, he can drink heartily and call for more, and the jug will be found not empty, even after the destiny of little men in large affairs. His belt is full of scalps, his heart leaps with the joy of the warrior's whip. E. W. B.

FRED DOUGLASS

Is Wrathful Because He Was Not Potted in the South.

HE FEELS THAT HE IS A BIG MAN.

And That He Should Have Been Treated with Distinction.

BILL MORRISON BEGINS TO MOVE.

He Thinks That There Is a Possibility in Store for Him in Chicago—The News of the Capital.

Washington, June 12.—(Special.)—Fred Douglass recently made a tour of the south, visiting various educational institutions for the purpose of his trip. He was well received by the southern people who did not take him in their arms; equal do they recognize him as a social equal. Douglass's pet dream has been social equality for the negroes. He is a monomaniac on the subject. Although he was treated well by the southern people, yet it rankles in his breast that he was still held to be a negro. He was accompanied on his trip by his son. The latter has been writing about the tour. He says: "It was asserted recently in Washington by a Congressional minister, who is also the editor of a leading paper published by that denomination, that there was no such thing as an enforcement of the separate coach or 'Jim-crow' car law. The experience of Mr. Douglass conclusively proves the falsity of this statement. At Knoxville, Tenn., where the ticket office is arranged between the 'ladies' waiting room' and the 'gentlemen's waiting room,' with windows opening into each, it has also a small window leading outside, where colored people are compelled to purchase their tickets. It being dark at this window, the writer stepped into the 'gentlemen's waiting room.'"

To quote him again: "The most serious question concerning the south is its moral sentiment. A section of country that boasts of its lawlessness and of its success in overturning the will of the majority in the exercise of the franchise, and debases the dignity of its legislation by putting upon its statute books laws that discriminate against a people on account of color, race and previous condition of servitude, must have a different moral code from Christian sections, or else the law that compels Frederick Douglass, ex-United States marshal, ex-minister and ex-consul general, ex-recorder of deeds, a public man for fifty years, to ride in the same car with convict, idiot, ignorant, noisy passengers who happen to be colored, simply because he is also colored, is an outrage, and a disgrace to any people who pretend to put a premium upon virtue, morality and education."

Morrison's Unhappy Feeling. Colonel William R. Morrison, of Illinois, is a candidate for the democratic nomination. He is not content with the possibility of being a dark horse. He is working to be other than that doubtful animal, which had but a faint smell of the oats at Minneapolis. His friends have removed his blanket, and it is seen that his color is not dark. They are endeavoring to work up sentiment here for him. A sort of literary bureau has been started in his interest. The members of congress who are talking him up are chiefly from Illinois and the southern states.

WILL RETURN TO BUSINESS.

Republican Senators Back in Washington to Resume Work.

Washington, June 12.—The business of the senate during the coming week will be dependent upon the return of republican senators who flocked in such large numbers to Minneapolis. Some have returned to Washington and have again taken their seats in the chamber. There is, however, some progress may be made on the general appropriation bills, two of which, the legislative and agricultural, were received from the house last Thursday and referred to the committee on appropriations, where the postoffice bill is now pending. Several conference reports will probably be presented to the senate and agreed to during the week.

The silver bill will not be taken up for action until after things political shall have got back into their normal condition, subsequent to the democratic national convention, but speeches may be expected upon it. The currency question, during almost any day's session. Mr. Morgan is ready to take the floor upon the silver question whenever he sees an opportunity of extracting the views of certain senators, and Mr. Peffer has given notice of his intention to address the senate tomorrow on his peculiar "bill."

In the house the tariff bill was declared on a party measure, will expire early in the week, when the republicans shall have returned from their convention, and there is promise of a busy week with the tariff as the leading issue. At this time it is impossible to state the order in which the tariff bills will be taken up, but the probability is that the tin plate bill will be the first on his programme.

If Mr. Shively returns to Washington from Indiana in season, as is expected, the silver, lead and ore bill and the bill to limit the value of clothing brought into the United States by tourists are also to receive speedy consideration.

As there has already been a free expression of opinion on the general subject before the exodus of the democratic members towards Chicago begins, at the latter end of the week, they will use every effort to accomplish their purpose.

Jerry Simpson for Governor. Kansas City, Mo., June 12.—The Times' Topeka, Kas., special says: "The people's party (Farmers' Alliance) of Kansas will probably nominate Jerry Simpson, member of congress from the seventh Kansas district, for governor. There is a bitter fight in all-since ranks over the nomination, and Jerry Simpson will be sprung as a dark horse in the hope that he will secure the nomination and beat all factional differences."

Fire at Rockwood, Mo. Rockport, Mo., June 12.—The whole business portion of this city burned today. The fire started at noon, and fanned by a strong wind spread with such quickness that it was impossible to check it. It stopped only when it had consumed everything in its path. Sixteen business buildings were destroyed. Loss, \$75,000.

A LITTLE GIRL

Is Run Over and Almost Instantly Killed.

BY AN ELECTRIC CAR LAST EVENING.

In the Presence of a Large Number of People.

THE MORTORMAN HAS BEEN ARRESTED.

The Little One Was Smiling When She Was Killed, and Died Unconscious of Pain.

With a smile on her lips little Lena Sugarman was crushed to death beneath the wheels of an electric car yesterday afternoon.

Within sight of her home, and with her little sister looking on the child met a horrible death.

A moment before she was chatting and laughing with all the exuberance of youth with her little sister.

The accident occurred at the corner of Whitehall and Mitchell streets, on the Consolidated Street railway line, a few minutes past 7 o'clock last evening.

Dozens of people walking leisurely along the street enjoying the delicious June evening saw the little girl dart across the track in front of the moving car, heard a cry of pain, and a moment later saw the little girl pulled from beneath the car wheels, crushed and dying.

The girl lived but three minutes after being run over.

With Her Little Sister. The dead child's father is Nathan Sugarman, a dry goods merchant on Marietta street.

Sugarman lives at 97 1-2 Whitehall street, occupying two rooms on the second floor. He has a wife and two children, Rosie Sugarman, seven years old, and little Lena Sugarman, five years old, the child that was killed.

Sugarman is a Hebrew, and his father has been an Atlanta merchant for several years.

Yesterday afternoon the little girls went out for a walk. Dressed in their neatest frocks, and with all the light-heartedness and gaiety of youth, they enjoyed themselves as only children can.

They came back home a little after 6 o'clock and played about the balcony within sight of their mother. From their places on the balcony they watched the throngs of people walking along the streets, and tampered by the bright June afternoon and the sight of so many people, the two little girls wanted to go out again.

Within sight of where they were playing was Benjamin & Cronheim's drug store, and a crowd of people stood around the soda fountain enjoying cool refreshments.

"Sister," said little Lena, "you ask mamma if we can't go and get some ice cream."

The suggestion met the hearty approval of little Rosie, and she ran to her mother for the desired permission.

The mother gazed at her two little ones with all a mother's fondness, and noting the eager, expectant look on their faces, told them they might go. She gave them some money, and her parting injunction was: "Be careful, and don't get hurt."

Laughing, they ran off.

With faces all aglow with happiness, and looking fresh and sweet in their little white frocks, the two sisters ran off laughing, and chatting together, as children will do.

At the drug store the pretty little black-eyed children peeped over the counter and the clerk set two plates of ice cream before them.

People who came up to the soda fountain within the next few moments saw the laughing children eating their ice cream and talking together.

and wailing and crying aloud, kissed the little face over and over again.

In a few minutes a large number of the family's friends gathered, and Mr. Sugarman, who was absent was sent for.

In the Lockup. Patrolman Mowbray, who was patrolling his beat near the scene of the accident, reached the place as soon as the car stopped.

Seeing that the little one was dead and being told that the train was running at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, he arrested both the conductor and motorman, who were on the car at the time of the accident.

He carried both to the police station and locked them up.

The motorman was C. A. Walker, and the conductor was E. A. Holt.

The Motorman's Story. In cell No. 7 at the police station, the two men were seen by a reporter of The Constitution, a few minutes after they were locked up.

Walker is a young man about twenty-three years old, and has been running cars on the Consolidated line for nearly two years.

Superintendent McAdoo says he is one of his most careful and experienced men. Walker talked readily about the accident.

"I never regretted anything so badly in all my life," he said, "but it could not be helped. I was running very slowly, as I had been rung down to stop to let off a passenger at the crossing. We always stop at the crossing farthest from us, and my car would have stopped within a few feet from the place where it struck the little girl."

The little girl was standing behind a wagon from where I was and I did not see her until she darted upon the track. Then the car was almost upon her and although I turned on the brakes, I could not stop it before it struck her."

It was the first accident that I was ever in, and I am awful sorry about it."

Holt's story coincides with that of Motorman Walker.

Holt Is Released. Mr. Arnold Broyles, attorney for the road, came to the station house shortly after the men were locked up and went to work to have them released.

After Conductor Holt had been locked up for about an hour he was allowed to go free.

Little Rosie's Story. The little Motorman Walker was turned out on a two-hundred-dollar bond, a city case being made against him.

The charge against young Walker was carelessness, and he will be tried this afternoon before the recorder. A great many witnesses will be examined, and a strong fight will be made to exonerate the motorman.

Some of the witnesses aver that the car was running at the rate of twelve to fifteen miles an hour. Others say the car was going very slowly, and that the accident was unavoidable.

The scene at the Sugarman home last night was affecting in the extreme.

Lying in the middle of the room was the dead child, with a face as peaceful as if asleep.

On her knees beside it, was the weeping mother, and friends were sitting around the room.

Standing on the balcony and gazing through the window into the death chamber upon her dead sister, was little Rosie Sugarman.

Her pretty black eyes were open wide, and there was a frightened look on her pretty face.

"She just runned across," pretty little Rosie said, "and I couldn't stop her. I tried to make her come back. The man saw her, but he just runned on, and runned over Lena."

Little Rosie is a remarkably bright child, and tells her story explicitly as to details.

An inquest will be held this morning at 9 o'clock over little Lena's remains.

SHOT BY AN ASSASSIN.

An Unusual Crime Committed in Columbia, S. C.

Columbia, S. C., June 12.—(Special.)—A crime unusual in Columbia was committed in the suburbs of the city this morning, between midnight and 1 o'clock. Captain Richard O'Neale, ex-mayor of Columbia, a captain of the confederate army, now a prominent cotton buyer, was shot in the street and shot in the breast. The tragedy occurred in a quiet portion of the city and there were no eye witnesses so far as can be ascertained.

OUT IN OKLAHOMA

Two Negro Fiends Assault Two White Women.

THERE IS GREAT EXCITEMENT

And the Negroes Threaten to Set Fire to Guthrie.

IF THE SCOUNDRELS ARE LYNCHED.

The Sheriff Smuggles One Off to Kansas for Safe Keeping—A Second One Makes Good His Escape.

Guthrie, O. T., June 12.—(Special.)—There is great excitement in this city tonight occasioned by two criminal assaults by negroes upon white women today.

A negro named Holley assaulted Charles Moore, wife of a trader, who was away from home at the time she was arrested and a mob of white men threatened to lynch her.

The second outrage was that made upon the wife of James Jenken, who is engineer of an electric plant, by a white negro who escaped. A posse headed by Jenken is on his trail and will lynch him if they capture him.

Danger of a Race War. There now seems to be considerable doubt as to the removal of Holley from jail. The negroes say that the statement was circulated by the whites so that the negroes would disperse and give the whites a free field for lynching.

A great mob of negroes now surrounds the jail and more are arriving every minute. The negroes have sent couriers to Taffton City, a negro colony, ten miles distant, with the report that the whites are about to lynch an innocent negro and many negroes are flocking here to determine to protect the object of the white men's vengeance. Many of the negroes are armed and hundreds of whites are carrying Winchester and revolvers. The police have been largely reinforced. Intense excitement prevails and any insignificant encounter between the blacks and whites may lead to a race war.

Disarming the Negroes. Sheriff Hickson and Chief of Police Kelley are disarming the negroes. As many as fifty shotguns and rifles were taken, also a number of small firearms. These weapons were taken from three colored men who have just arrived from Topeka, seventeen miles distant.

Colonel H. P. Clark, commander of the territorial militia, is in the city. He reported to Acting Governor Martin for duty but the situation does not now seem serious enough to warrant the calling out of troops. Gangs of excited people are on the street corners. All congregations of negroes are being ordered to disperse. The police and deputies are kept busy moving negroes.

One of Them Lynched.

Midnight—Information has just reached the sheriff here that the negro who outraged Mrs. Jenken was overtaken by a posse at 9 o'clock tonight, six miles south of town and shot to death. The news has greatly intensified the excitement and the negroes are threatening violence. Officers have been aware of the lynching for some hours and began disarming the negroes before it became generally known, anticipating that the news would drive the negroes into frenzy.

VISITING THE LEPER.

Kate Marsden Tells of Their Horrible Treatment in Russia.

Berlin, June 12.—Kate Marsden, who is interested in the project to establish a leper colony in Siberia, has arrived here from St. Petersburg en route to the United States. In an interview today she gave a graphic description of her six-weeks' tour of the leper colonies of Siberia. She says that as soon as any person shows signs of the disease the victim is at once driven into the depths of the forest, there to live upon tree bark and upon rotten fish. This food is furnished by relatives, who deposit it near the miserable and filthy huts of the victims. The huts are one-half under ground for the sake of warmth, and are hundred of vermin apart, so that supervision is impossible. Miss Marsden and thirty guides were obliged to cut a path for eight miles through an undergrowth of forests, and to proceed in single file. They found the lepers ill clad and living in indescribable filth and vice, dragging out a horrible existence for years, until they die of disease or starvation, after becoming so loathsome that they have lost all semblance to humanity. Miss Marsden says that there has been found at Yakutsk a plant that is reputed to cure leprosy, but she has not been able to test it as yet. She intends to return to Yakutsk to establish a colony at Veliki.

REDMOND IN NEW YORK.

He Declines to Talk Politics but Will Talk on Other Subjects.

New York, June 12.—John Redmond, member of parliament for Waterford, who was detained at quarantine on board the steamship, Etruria, was taken off today by a committee appointed for the purpose and a number of friends, and brought by the steamer, Laura M. Starin, to this city. Accompanying Mr. Redmond is Mr. John E. Power, of the Dublin Independent, both gentlemen receiving the warmest of welcomes from their friends in response to the welcoming address of the chairman of the committee, Mr. Redmond briefly stated that his mission to this country was one of peace, and his patriotic colleagues of Ireland wanted reunion, and by reunion meant a union independent of English politics. Mr. Redmond declined to discuss politics with members of the press who saw him, but was ready to talk upon any other subject. It is understood that Mr. Redmond will not discuss Irish affairs until after his meeting in the Academy of Music next Wednesday.

...and right across your chest."

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ATLANTA, GA., June 13, 1892.

Wall Street Politics.
 We admire the cheek of some of the New York brokers. They are making a bold fight to hold financial matters just as they are. The game is going just to suit them, and they hope to handle all the political parties as they want to.

Messrs. J. S. Riche & Co., who daily send out by wire from New York to bucket shops throughout the country a report on the stock market, occasionally inject a little politics in their stock letter. On Saturday they sent their regular letter, which was printed in Sunday's Constitution, and we find in it the following politics:

The nomination of Mr. Harrison was favorably received, and his well-known views on the silver question had a reassuring effect. The plank in the platform on finance was considered an evasion of the real question, and it is a pity that the republican party did not face the issue and come out squarely and honestly. The plank is framed in such a way as to satisfy all contending interests and leave a loophole for argument's sake.

It is the truth and just what all sensible people know, but we are surprised to find this Wall Street firm willing to admit it. These gentlemen will find before the end of the year, that what is popular on the street in New York is not popular with the voters of the country, and every day this fact is becoming more apparent throughout the land.

The people want the free coinage of silver, and they want the metal restored to its former place in the currency, where it was before the republican party fraudulently and ruthlessly demonetized it, and they will not consult the wishes of Wall Street brokers in putting it back.

As to the course of the republican party, it is in keeping with its past record. It admitted in the campaign of 1888 that the war tariff needed reforming, but said the republican party must do it, and pledged the party to do it as soon as it was restored to power again. When the restoration came the republicans reformer the tariff with a vengeance. They passed the McKinley bill and increased the duties on half the articles imported. After such duplicity and down-right deception, we are asked to believe that they will do what is right about silver, and their own people say in advance to the public, that it is all false and put in the platform to fool the people. And we are sorry to admit that these brokers are doing all they can to make the democratic party appear before the people in just as ridiculous a light.

A Suggestive Pointer.
 The Boston Herald recalls the fact that about forty years ago, on the night following the nomination of General Scott for the presidency, Daniel Webster, who had been defeated, was serenaded in Washington, and in response to a call simply said that he should rise in the morning with the lark, and though the lark was the better songster, yet he would greet the people as he did, as grateful and as satisfied as this bird.

At this season of blustering, blustering, and rapidly ripening ballots, the reproduction of Webster's speech is timely. Just how much of the immortal Daniel's cheerfulness was due to philosophy, and how much was the result of looking upon the wine when it was red in the cup, it is difficult to determine, but the speech is a model one, all the same, and we commend it to disappointed candidates everywhere.

Defeat loses its sting, and the victors enjoy less of a triumph, when the vanquished man can face the world with the unruffled serenity of a Webster.

The Republican Silver Plank.
 The republican silver plank is intended to deceive the people. It is a straddle which means nothing—a piece of grinning hypocrisy that ought to be revolting to all honest people. The platform declares in terms that the republican party is in favor of bimetalism; that it wants gold, silver and paper dollars to be at all times equal to each other; that it is in favor of both gold and silver as standard money. This means, if any particular meaning can be got out of the jumble, that the republican party is in favor of bimetalism to the silver dollar that is now at par with gold there be added 30 cents' worth of bullion. That is the Wall Street programme—that is the republican programme.

The platform also falls back on the hypocritical project for an international monetary conference, which is to be held in the air until after the election. The idea of an international conference for the purpose of deciding what sort of currency the people of the United States shall employ is the wildest freak imaginable. It is an invention of the agents of foreign banks in New York, and it is put forward in the most solemn manner whenever the free coinage discussion threatens to disturb the situation. Mr. Cleveland fell into the trap, but the agent who he employed to look into the matter, Mr. Edward Atkinson, saw the futility of the scheme, and made it perfectly plain in his report.

The Latin union is made the excuse for the scheme; but the Latin union is composed of various governments contiguous to each other, and covering an area not as large as that occupied by the new England states, and the purpose of the union is to give to the subsidiary coin of each government a legal tender value in the other governments, just as the United

States government at one time imparted a legal tender value to the French crown and 5 franc pieces. The Latin union is merely the result of neighboring governments conferring legal tender value in concert on the subsidiary silver currency issued by each.

The whole idea of an international conference so far as the United States are concerned is a sham and a fraud and intended to be such. There was no international conference when silver was demonetized, and there will be none when it is remonetized. The people will finally have their way about this matter, and the politicians will fall who try to prevent them.

The conference is not proposed by those who desire bimetalism, but by those who are in favor of the single gold standard. We have already made it clear in these columns why the European nations would refuse to enter into any arrangements with a government which is buying silver at the lowest market rate and storing the depreciated bullion. The Sherman law not only stands in the way of the sham conference, but it is causing the fall in the price of silver which has had such a depressing effect on all our commodities which find a market abroad.

The republican silver plank suits Wall Street and the money power, for it serves notice on those grasping and greedy interests that the "grand old party" and its leaders are still faithful to the terms and purposes of the great conspiracy to rob the producers of the country and those who are unfortunate enough to owe a debt. Judge Hughes, of Virginia, hits the nail squarely on the head when he declares: "We hear daily of the dishonesty of the seventy-cent dollar which indicates the price of the people's crops. We hear nothing of the dishonesty of the dollar-and-a-half banking dollar, which indicates the value of the coupon crops of the bondholders."

The case is made worse by the republican plank. Although the silver dollar is at par with the gold dollar, yet the party indirectly places it on a par with silver bullion and practically pledges itself to add 30 cents' worth of silver to the standard dollar. This is the plan and the purpose of the republicans, acting in concert with Wall Street and the goldholders.

A High Compliment.
 We printed yesterday from several cities in the state the views of several leading business men on the projected reorganization of the Terminal property. These views are voluntary. We instructed our correspondents to inquire about the feeling, and as with one voice they all say it is very much desired by our people.

It is a decided compliment to Messrs. Drexel, Morgan & Co., and shows very clearly the reputation this house has among our business men for integrity and fair dealing. They may expect in their efforts for this great property the hearty co-operation of our conservative business men.

Our New English.
 In a book entitled "Good English for Beginners," Mr. Haslam warns students against Scott, Macaulay, Thackeray and Dickens. He declares that the style of these famous writers is vicious, and points out some of their faults. Dickens's sentence, "That visitor was Betsy Prigg," Mr. Haslam would transform into, "That visitor was no less a personage than Betsy Prigg."

Evidently, the author of "Good English for Beginners" is an apostle of our modern school of culture. The new English employed by writers of the Haslam clique is a jargon of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. It is indistinct, vague and misleading, and lacks the vigor and point, the clearness and the force so characteristic of the writers of a few generations ago.

The jargon of culture spoils many a good saying, and many a good story, and robs many a noble thought of its strength. The simple, direct style and the plain English of Swift and DeFoe are far superior to the starchy Miss Nancy drive of today.

When Sam Johnson wanted to talk like a plain, sensible Englishman he said of a certain play: "It has not wit enough to keep it sweet," but when he recollected that he was a doctor, a dictionary-maker and an apostle of culture he added: "It has not sufficient vitality to preserve it from putrefaction." The same idea, but the second sentence weakened it, although Mr. Haslam would probably give it the preference.

The good Lord deliver us from the Haslams, and the other mushy reformers who are doing their best to make their new English supplant the English of the Bible, of Shakespeare, and of all the really great writers of the past!

A Color-Mad President.
 President Harrison poses as a Christian statesman, and in common with other of his class in the republican party he professes to believe that every human being has an inalienable right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

But he makes an exception—he does not believe that men with yellow skins have the right to seek "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" in the United States. Men with white skins may do it, and especially men with black skins, but he draws the line this side of the yellow men.

Millions of black men live here, and millions more are free to immigrate—they may come in legions from the West Indies, South America and even Africa, but the yellow race—the Chinese—must not cross our borders.

It is a queer position for a Christian statesman—to be at the same time the stalwart champion of the black race, and the unreasonable persecutor of the yellow race.

Farther motives explain the whole business. The president finds it to his advantage to favor the use of the bayonet in upholding the blacks and oppressing the yellows. Such a policy makes votes for himself and his party.

No other explanation is possible. The blacks are not preferable to the Chinese in any way. The Chinese are intellectual, ingenious, industrious and able to take care of themselves. On the other hand, the blacks never had a civilization in their own land, and generations of them living among us still require the aid and support of their white neighbors and of the government to prevent them from relapsing into barbarism.

Yet President Harrison is anxious to use the whole power of the government

to benefit the blacks and to injure the yellow men.

The other day a religious body holding a session in Pennsylvania discussed the matter—Harrison's action in signing the Chinese exclusion bill—and solemnly pronounced its conviction that the president is not a Christian. It was not the proper thing to do, but it had ample provocation. The thoughtful and impartial observer cannot help regarding it as an unjust, unreasonable and sadly silly business transaction for a great nation to literally go color mad, and attack yellow skins with the utmost desperation short of open warfare, while the people are taxed into poverty and a standing army is proposed for the benefit of black skins.

And at the bottom of all this injustice and cruelty what do we find—votes, offices, spoils!

If Harrison proposes to advertise himself as a Christian statesman, let him follow the example of many business firms, and make his sign read: "Benjamin Harrison, Christian Statesman (Limited)."

It is now definitely stated that Mr. Blaine was not a candidate. So it seems.

Those who think that Mr. Harrison is not a skillful politician should reflect over the recent results. He carried on his Minneapolis campaign from the white house.

Mr. Blaine retired just in time. He knew when he had enough.

The friends of Mr. Blaine point with pride to the fact that the Clarkson letter was never revoked.

Whitelaw Reid's pa-in-law has a bar!

Thomas Nast is making his disappearance in the Chicago newspapers.

Mr. Harrison would be very ungrateful if he didn't reward the Blaine leaders at Minneapolis. But for them Blaine would have been nominated.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

A contemporary writer defines political economy as "the science of teaching the poor to be content with what they have, and the rich with what they can get." Not bad.

Evangelist Mills carried away from Cincinnati \$6,500 of six weeks' services. His bill at the hotel was \$15 a day. He also cleared \$100 at the Cleveland Convention. He sold down some of his earnings in a palatial residence in the Catskills.

Mrs. Montagu, the English society lady who is serving a sentence in prison for causing the death of her little child by her heartless cruelty, will probably be indicted as a man-chester, as there is only one life between her husband and the present duke who is in bad health.

Dr. Robert Buchanan, of New York, has been arrested on the charge of murdering his wife, and thereby hangs a tale of very shrewd detective work on the part of newspaper men. Dr. Buchanan, after years of very happy married life, procured a divorce from his wife, and then he married a woman who was a woman of wealth. In a little while the second wife died, leaving him all her property, and very soon thereafter the doctor remarried his divorced wife. This remarriage, when reported, was held to be a case of bigamy, and the doctor was indicted.

The paper proceeded to investigate the case, and not only proved the report true, but unearthed other evidence that has led to the arrest of the doctor for making away with his second wife.

According to the Marquis de Lafayette, two of the heaviest eaters in Europe at the present moment are the czar of Russia and the prince of Wales. The number of their repasts and the amount of food consumed at each of their meals is enough to startle ordinary mortals. The prince of Wales, for instance, after a first light meal on arising, eats an enormous breakfast, an equally copious luncheon following at 2 o'clock. At 5 or 6 o'clock he takes a kind of tea; that is to say, it is tea in name only, and resembles far more the Russian "prashnik," for it includes caviar and pate-de-fois, game, sandwiches, smoked salmon and all sorts of what are falsely termed "appetizers." It is indeed a square meal, washed down by drink which is far stronger than tea. Between 8 and 9 o'clock there follows dinner, and shortly after midnight the prince is ready once more for a very hearty supper.

JUST FROM GEORGIA.

We Know Them.
 With a glance that says "told you so!" and lights his wrinkled cheek.
 And nodding his head as he says the boy address the man in Greek;
 And smiling, turns where interest burns—alight centered on the "liddle."
 And thumps the floor and leaps by turns—We know him! That's his daddy!

With a glance that never wavers, and with a lip that never ceases.
 A woman hears the rousing cheers that greet the boy in Greek.
 But from the glad depths of her heart—unseen by any other.
 The warm tears to the eyelids start—we know her! That's his mother!

Did the Best He Could.
 Judge (severely): You are charged, sir, with voting three times in the late election.
 Prisoner (meekly): I couldn't help it, Judge. I was crippled up, an' couldn't get to the polls more'n three times. I did the best I could, but I was 'bout as good as dead when I'm in good health!

Mr. C. E. Webb has purchased an interest in The Ad News and, in connection with Mr. C. R. DeVane, will run the paper for all it is worth.

The Stewart County Hopper is responsible for this characteristic and seasonal rhyme:
 Though June is reaching 'er peak in the lawn,
 And movin' like a river,
 Many a time before the dawn
 You're pullin' 'er back in the lawn.

Mr. S. N. Carpenter announces that he has leased The Atlanta Constitution to Mr. William Campbell, and that he will retire from the paper for a time in order to regain his health. Mr. L. Y. A. Blackwell will still remain in editorial control. Mr. Campbell being business manager.

Editor Freeman of The Waycross Headlight, has gotten up another railroad and steamboat excursion to Florida. He calls it "The Headlight Excursion," and it has gained great popularity. This is a good way to get delinquent subscribers together, lock them securely in three coaches, then pass through and collect their dues while he is punching their tickets.

GEORGIA POLITICAL NOTES.

The correspondent who thinks that the "war horse of Chatham" is weakening before the people will find out how mistaken he is when the time comes. Bill Clinton's friends are everywhere, and they will not lack by him, too, whenever he calls upon them.

Hon. C. B. Wooten, candidate for congress in the second district, has gone to Florida with the hope of recuperating his health, which is somewhat impaired. He has addressed a letter to his friends and neighbors of Calhoun county, explaining his absence. The letter Mr. Wooten declines an invitation to speak at Morgan, at an early date. The Albany Herald says vaguely that this letter, "well received," "will have an important bearing upon the present campaign in the second congressional district." The following gives the gist of the letter:

"I think a month the state of my health has been, and it now is, such as to prevent me from prosecuting the congressional campaign, and which my friends have a right to expect. Acting under the advice of my physician I shall be absent from the district for some days, with the hope that the change may bring about my recuperation. I trust I shall be able to return in short time prepared to enter the field and to work for the unity, harmony and success of

the democracy. This is the paramount object of patriotic desire, which rises above the claims of any man, and I beg that my friends will not permit any personal considerations to prevent them from making any arrangements or adopting any measures which their judgment may be calculated to advance this great object. Not since the days of reconstruction have we been confronted by a more serious and more important question than the political and social order, and our right of local self-government are in peril."

Mr. W. O. Watson, in a letter to The Albany Herald, says that as his name has been placed before the public, in the newspapers and otherwise, as a probable candidate to represent the tenth senatorial district in the next legislature, he feels it incumbent on him to disclaim any responsibility for such use of his name, to longer allow it without some public expression from him to the contrary, and to seek to commit him to consenting to it, while, under no circumstances that he can now imagine possible, will he be a candidate for any political office or position whatever. Mr. Watson adds:

"I would much rather carry the olive branch of peace, harmony and good will to the now warring factions, than to carry the banner of any faction, though by so doing I might gain for myself whatever honor or distinction may be calculated to advance as is now being waged within the democratic party lines of this district."

The Alpharetta Free Press says that the man who says the third party will carry Cherokee county in the approaching election is not a politician, but a man who knows the true status of political affairs beyond Milton's northeastern boundary. He doesn't know what he is talking about. The men who are for a position to know that the democratic nominees will carry the county by at least 500 majority. The Free Press says that Ball Ground and Woodstock districts, the homes of people's party men, will give democratic majorities, and that the districts do not endorse the third party, it may be taken for granted that all the other districts in the county will go democratic. The democrats of Cherokee county are setting an example which is followed by every county in the state. They are organizing democratic campaign clubs in all the militia districts of the county. These will carry out the democratic literature to the masses, and will teach the people the truth. The general opinion is that if all the other counties in the ninth district are as safely democratic as Cherokee, there is no doubt as to the result in November.

The Darlen Gazette says there is going to be a good deal of fun among the colored people of this county, who are meeting for the purpose of nominating a candidate to represent McIntosh county in the next legislature. There will be several candidates for the nomination, and the meeting is pretty apt to be a lively one. Crawford is perfectly willing to sacrifice his business and serve his county just one more time in the legislature; but from what The Gazette can learn Crawford is not a candidate. He has served two terms already, and many of the colored people think that he has had his "public test" long enough, and ought now to retire in favor of some other. The Gazette says:

"We asked Crawford if he was going to run, and he replied that he could not tell until the meeting was held. He said the representation by the people I will run, said the representative. 'I am told,' said he, 'that Richmond Collins, Henry Williams, and others are candidates, but I cannot vouch for it. I understand that there is a certain man in this county who is going to run, but I will watch him. I will call a meeting of the party next week to nominate a candidate for the legislature. I will study my duties for the legislature that will get my support.'"

Politics in Sumter county are not as some papers might express it, seething. But the simmering is enough for the voters to hear it. Many are mentioned as prospective candidates, but they seem to be looking for a place to leap. In other words, they all seem to wait until they are sure of election before announcing. Said a prominent all-american and prominent citizen of Sumter county, who has been mentioned, but is hard to decide among them, but I hope Colonel A. S. Cutts will permit a renomination. I want to see him go back as one of Sumter's legislators."

The Effingham Chronicle prints a strong endorsement to Colonel H. G. Wright's senatorial administration, and his renomination for the next term. The Chronicle says: "Colonel Wright will hardly turn a deaf ear to the wishes of a constituency so strongly presented. He has avowed time and again that he did not care to return to the senate, but this is a call which would appear irresistible. The Chronicle says:

"Now shall we see whether Chatham means to stand by its own safety, to vote the democratic ticket, or whether or not she considers us entitled to a seat in the senate by rotation. She can hardly 'kick' on the score of the man who has already represented her in the past."

Here is a queer political item from The Paulding News Era. It was sent to the paper by one of its country correspondents in Paulding county:
 "Our candidate is a candidate for congress, and on last Sunday he had an appointment to preach at the Gum Swamp school-house, and when he got there he found that he had forgotten his errand and fled off on a political speech, in which he said: 'I am a poor man, but I am a good man, and I am a true man, and I am a brave man, and I am a loyal man, and I am a patriotic man, and I am a religious man, and I am a moral man, and I am a virtuous man, and I am a wise man, and I am a just man, and I am a fair man, and I am a honest man, and I am a truthful man, and I am a God-fearing man, and I am a law-abiding man, and I am a peace-loving man, and I am a good neighbor, and I am a good citizen, and I am a good man, and I am a true man, and I am a brave man, and I am a loyal man, and I am a patriotic man, and I am a religious man, and I am a moral man, and I am a virtuous man, and I am a wise man, and I am a just man, and I am a fair man, and I am a honest man, and I am a truthful man, and I am 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WAMP

an Old Settler
covery.

ND HIS SQUAD
Spot-Strange

2—(Special)—Are
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er. I began to real
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ing there? I again
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ther crouched there,
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ight I would advise
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the people, while
getting up to investi
noise. I went rapidly
the trees here and
of hours was out of
way home.

They probably saw
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he remains, together
ound the fire and the
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near there. We could
not distance as the
ramp, but very soon
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ame these Indians to
ugh they have been
able to conjecture
years—since the days
have been Indians in
families, possibly,
the grounds of their
at were driven away,
the sole surviving one
us lost its existence.

der. Dr. Lewis preached to a large congreg
on yesterday morning at Trinity church
the familiar passage of scripture, "Keep
heart with all diligence, for out of it
the issues of life." Proverbs, 4th chapter,
verse.

sermon was one of exhortation to
the people generally to lead more earnest and
concentrated lives. The inner service
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TEMPLES OF GOD

Annual Day and a Large At
(attendance)

THE CHURCHES IN ATLANTA.

Services at All of Them—Who
Preaching the Sermons and the Texts
They Selected.

Christian Church.

Rev. G. B. Strickler delivered a strong and
effective discourse at the Central Presby-
terian church yesterday morning. His text was
from the scriptures, "The seed of the
righteous shall be blessed."

After a few introductory remarks, showing
the connection in which the text was used,
Dr. Strickler stated that he intended to speak
of the privilege of doing good. He pointed out
in a lucid manner, the manner in which
the scriptures direct us to perform good
deeds.

The highest kind of good that is possible
to finite beings, and as far as the Christian
is concerned, this way can be secured that
happiness for which every one instinctively
yearns. Another, and one of the most cogent
arguments for doing good, is that it exalts
and ennobles.

The doctor, in conclusion, spoke of the eternal
reward that awaits the portion of a
Christian life.

The Church of Christ.

A large crowd filled the beautiful auditorium
of the Christian church yesterday morning
and listened to a profound and interesting
discourse from the pastor, Rev. C. P. Wil-
kinson.

The offertory and music by the choir was
beautifully rendered and was a special fea-
ture of the morning service. The subject of
the discourse that held the profound atten-
tion of the congregation was "Two funda-
mental reasons from the life of Christ," and
he based it upon the words of scripture found
in Timothy, 3d chapter and 16th verse.

The two fundamental reasons being out-
ward by the pastor were: 1st. That Christ was
God, and 2d. He was also man. He was also
man, and he taught men to know and love
himself. These central truths he weaved the
Christ's sympathy. He was touched by his
sympathy. He was touched by his sympathy.

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CODE COLLOUGH SIGNED

To Pitch Phenomenal Ball for the At-
lanta Team.

A MAN JOHNNIE WARD WANTED.

He Comes from Charleston and Has a
Great Record—Daly Comes with Him.
The Game Today.

A star pitcher for Atlanta.

The only phenom of the season—a man
Boston and Brooklyn both wanted.

And a southern boy at that, too.
That's what Atlanta has added to her
ball team, and will present to the patrons
of the game Wednesday.

When the Brooklyn were making their
spring tour of the south they encountered
only one pitcher they could do nothing
with.

That was Cololough, the Charleston
boy.

In the games the Brooklyn played at
Charleston Cololough pitched two, and
both times the Charleston team won. Ward
wanted Cololough, and he wanted the work the
Charleston boy put up, and made him an
excellent offer, but Cololough declined, as
he did not care to go north, and is well
enough off to live without playing ball.

Ward spoke of the South Carolina boy
when he got home, and so enthusiastic was
he that Boston put out a string for Col-
olough, but again he declined to go away
from home.

Cololough has a good business in
Charleston, but is dead in love with base-
ball, and early this season helped to orga-
nize the East Atlantic league. He became a
half owner in the team, and in a short
time his pitching attracted the attention of
the ball world, and several attempts were
made to induce him to leave his home and
north. But to all he sent the same an-
swer:

"I don't care to leave the south to play
ball just yet."

Last week, when Manager Maskey
went to Charlotte to secure Daly, the first
baseman of Charleston, he saw Cololough
work, and like everybody who had seen
him, put him down as a phenom. Atlanta
had tried to secure Cololough before, but
he declined because he was interested in
the Charleston club. Maskey had a long
talk with the pitcher, and finally was re-
warded by hearing him say:

"I had rather play in Atlanta than in
any town I know of outside of Charleston.
But I don't care to go out this year. How-
ever, I'll promise that if I do play I'll give
Atlanta the best pitch in the south."

Since then Maskey and the Atlanta di-
rectors have been pulling Cololough hard,
and yesterday a letter was received from
him stating that he would give up his in-
terest in the Charleston club, and would
come to Atlanta under certain
conditions. Manager Maskey by wire ac-
cepted the conditions and asked Cololough
for his terms. The terms were given and
accepted, and Cololough will report for
work Wednesday morning.

Cololough is beyond a doubt one of the
best pitchers in the south, and will
strengthen Atlanta greatly. He is a young,
fine-looking man, who began playing ball
in his early college days. He is a fine base
runner and hits the ball about as well as
most pitchers.

Charleston has turned out several fine
professional ball players. Luby, one of
Chicago's best pitchers, is only a day and
night away from leaving for the city, and
has brought Macon out of the mire, says of
Cololough:

"He's the best pitcher in the south today,
and I'll do well to keep your eye on him."

The Memphis team reached Atlanta yester-
day and is at the Markham.

The game this afternoon will be called
at 4 o'clock.

Daly, the new first baseman, did not ar-
rive yesterday and will not be able to leave
Charleston until tomorrow, so the game will
be played again on first and Schabel will
play while Wells will do the pitching.

The teams today will be:

ATLANTA. Pitcher, Morris
Porter. Catcher, Adams
McIntyre. First base, Nolan
Archer. Second base, Phil
Schabel. Third base, Clingan
Lonsdale. Left field, O'Conner
Hill. Center field, Kenner
Frederick. Right field, Kenner
Frederick.

And Maskey will be on the line to see
that the boys keep jogging along at win-
ning pace.

They Swing Around.

Levis and his Montgomery aggregation
left yesterday afternoon for Macon. The
next series will be:

Atlanta vs. Memphis, in Atlanta.
Macon vs. Montgomery, in Macon.
Birmingham vs. Birmingham, in Birmingham.
Chattanooga vs. New Orleans, in Chat-
tanooga.

INVITED TO DENVER.

The Georgia Press Association continues to
receive letters.

The Georgia Weekly Press Association is
daily receiving letters from the press urging
the editors to stop over for a day or two at
different places along their route.

Offers to banquet the party and to entertain
the visitors. Every way possible have
been taken to make the visit of the association
pleasant. These invitations, and the com-
mittee in charge of the arrangements will
have some difficulty in making their selections.

Mr. Charles D. Barker, secretary of the
association, received a letter from the mayor
of Denver, Col., Mr. Platt Rogers, a few days
ago in which he urges the party of editors
to stop over. He says in the letter, "I think
that you will be very much interested to
have you visit this city. In fact, it seems
to me that the west would hardly be seen if
you did not."

The party will no doubt stop over for a
day or two in Denver, though nothing as yet
has been decided as to whether they will
be in the way of selecting the different points.

ABOUT HOTEL CORRIDORS.

Hon. Warren Alken, a leading lawyer of
Cartersville, Ga., is stopping at the Markham
house.

Captain R. N. Holtzclaw, commanding the
Perry Rifles at Camp Northern, and who is a
candidate for solicitor general of the Macon
judicial circuit, is in the city.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

It Will Be Celebrated in the Good Old-Fash-
ion Style at Clarkston, Ga.

The Fourth of July will be celebrated at
Clarkston, Ga., in grand style.

An excellent programme of songs and ad-
dresses has been arranged by the committee
in charge of the demonstration and several
prominent citizens will take a part in the
exercises.

"It will be a regular Fourth of July jubilee,
and the national day American independ-
ence will be fittingly observed. A brass
band will be there, of course, a barbecue will
occur at 12 o'clock, and speaking will be re-
sumed in the afternoon. The exercises will
begin at Crystal Lake and the proximity of the
beautiful sheet of water will greatly en-
hance the pleasure of the out-door celebration.

Several Atlanta people have expressed their
intention of going out to the exercises, and
a large crowd from the neighboring country
will gather into the little Georgia town.
It is a new departure and one that will meet
with popular favor, as it has heretofore been
observed entirely by the colored citizens.

The following is the programme in full as
it will be carried out in the exercises:

Music—Clarkston cornet band.
Prayer—Rev. F. B. Davies.
Reading of Declaration of Independence—
Professor Frank Bowditch.
Song—America.
Address of Welcome—V. L. Williams, mayor.
Response—Mort Foote, Jr., Atlanta.
Music—Band.
Address—"The Fourth of July"—Alex W.
Baker.
Music—Band.
Address—"You Can't Keep a Working Man
Down"—T. J. Gentry.
Recess for dinner.
Music—Band.
Old Folks at Home—By the crowd.
Music—Band.
Address—"American Progress"—J. A. Ar-
nold.
Music—Band.
Address—"You Can't Afford to Lie"—Lon
Felds, Atlanta.
Solo—"Star Spangled Banner"—Professor
Frank Bowditch.
Humorous Speech—"De Nigger and de Fofe."
Song—"God be With You Till We Meet
Again."

Everybody is cordially invited to join in
the jubilee. Special trains will accommodate
the crowd and desire to go down.

It may serve to revive the old custom of
celebrating the day among the white citizens.
At this time it will be day and night, and
everybody who hears the speaking will enjoy
a big treat in addition to the national anthems
and the other good features of the programme.

AN ITALIAN STABBED.

Some One Slips Up Behind Him and Cuts
Him Severely.

Will McConnell, an Italian fruit dealer, was
carried up to the queen's taste late Saturday
night.

McConnell has a fruit store at the corner of
Marletta and Barlow streets and Saturday
night a belligerent customer called him a
"dago." He resented the term and words led
to blows. While he was fighting his opponent
he was cut twice in the back by a man who
slipped up behind him and began slashing him with knives. He re-
ceived several bad cuts on the face and
shoulders. He was carried to Dr. Westmore-
land's office, where his wounds were dressed, and
McConnell is in a critical condition. He has
no idea who cut the cutting.

CITY NOTES.

There is no longer a doubt that the fine six-
year-old brown mare advertised for yesterday
by Mr. John H. James was stolen by the negro
who went off with her. It was a very bold
robbery, and occurred in broad daylight. Mr.
James turned the matter over to a negro
on Marletta street in front of Miller & Brady's
stable at 6 o'clock Saturday afternoon and
told him to take her to 26 West Peachtree
street, where he would be paid for her. The
man did not take her, but he did take the
mare, and the police are looking for him.

Meers, Will Stokes and Lowe Stillman, two
of Atlanta's bright and talented young stu-
dents, have returned on their summer vaca-
tion from Davidson college, North Carolina.
They have just returned from a tour of the
south, and will be in the city for a few days.
The competitive medal as the best de-
claimer of his class. Both have made high
averages and have honorably acquitted them-
selves in their respective classes.

The news given in yesterday's Constitu-
tion about Judge George Hillyer entering the
race for governor has been heard from
himself. He has been in the city during
the day, and the politicians busied themselves
on the corners to and from the churches—most
of them, perhaps, around the hotels during
the night.

Will Judge Hillyer's announcement bring
out more candidates by starting the ball
rolling?

This is a question that was asked quite of-
ten and by many anxious inquirers.

Somebody says it is pretty certain that be-
sides the several names mentioned in the
Constitution, there will be a number of others
who will enter the race. The names of
Hon. Milton Candler, of DeKalb, and Hon.
Joe James, of Douglasville, will announce in
the near future. Others say it is very prob-
able that Colonel W. H. Hillyer and Colonel
Albert Cox will be in the race in the course
of due time. While neither has announced
himself, it is known that a great pressure
is being brought to bear to get them to do
so, and it is believed that they are deter-
mined to enter the race.

At any rate, the campaign in the fifth is
growing lively, and will grow livelier as the
days lengthen into summer.

A COUPLE CAUGHT.

A Nephew Flopes with His Married
Aunt.

Greenville, S. C., June 12.—(Special).—
Chief of Police Ligon, of this city, yester-
day arrested L. E. Strickland, of Clarke
county, Georgia, on information received
from L. M. Fowler, who stated that Strick-
land, who was a neighbor of his, had eloped
with Mrs. Fowler, his wife, and they would
probably come to this place. Strickland
was carried to the station house, where he
was soon visited by Mrs. Fowler. She
seemed much attached to him and vowed
she would go with him wherever he went,
but would not go back to her husband,
who, she says, treated her very badly. She
is about twenty-five years of age, has been
married ten years, and has six children.

When she left her husband to go with
Strickland, she carried the two children
she loved best—the eldest and the youngest—
leaving the others with him.

Strickland has been boarding with Mr.
Fowler, and on last Saturday succeeded
in persuading Mrs. Fowler to elope with
him. They secured Mr. Fowler's buggy
and horse, pretending they were going to
Atlanta, Ga., and drove away in the night
through the country to this place, where
they arrived Thursday morning last, and
stopped at the Central hotel, registering as
Mr. and Mrs. Strickland.

Strickland was notified of the arrest, and as Strick-
land agreed to return without a requisition,
he will be carried back at once. Mrs.
Fowler will be taken care of.

All the parties concerned belong to re-
spectable and well connected families of
Clarke county, Georgia. Mrs. Fowler was
formerly Miss Nichols. Strickland is
said to be a farmer in good circumstances.

John Thompson, the sixteen-year-old son of
Patrolman Thompson, died at the home of
his father on Jeannette street, last night
about 10:30 o'clock. The boy was a bright
and promising young man, and had been
confined to his bed with rheumatism for
quite awhile. He was a bright and promising
young man, and an army of friends are
grieving at his untimely death.

Harvey Bedford, one of the most efficient
detectives in the south, is back home again.
For the past month he has been in Florida
doing detective work, and has been very suc-
cessful. His colleagues are glad to have him
back among them.

Nine negro gamblers were arrested Sat-
urday night in a by-street near the cemetery.
Patrolmen Parks and McCauley made the ar-
rest. The gamblers were found in a room
in the big crowd, but they did it nicely. On
the way to the police station one of the prisoners,
a big negro named Rube Elliott, jumped from
the patrol wagon and made his escape.

IT'S ALL OUT NOW.

Banker Tolleson Has an Unpleasant
Call

Who Went to See Him Because They Be-
lieved He Was Insulting a Young
Lady Daily.

J. R. Tolleson, president of the Empire
State bank, and ex-president of the defunct
Mercantile bank, figures in another sensa-
tional story.

And in this story Tolles

SARGE PLUNKETT.

The Old Man Taking Lessons in Journalism.

THE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT TRUTH.

Is the Thing to Be Desired in Reporting for Newspapers, Is the Impression Stamped in His First Lesson.

All men are liars naturally, and what's in the bone is more apt to come out in the flesh, is my notion.

Proper training—education—makes us virtuous in this respect, and so some of my friends advised that I should take a big dose of training, for the impression has got out some way that I am a terrible liar. I know that I have made no such impression, for folks have told me so, and the managing editor has received letters to that effect. I know that it is a mistaken notion, for I don't tell lies—they are mistakes. However, in order to be perfect in accuracy, I took a trip a few days ago with a most excellent and trained gentleman, Mr. A. M. W.

Folks say that it is as easy for him to tell the truth as it is for me to tell a lie, and that the reason I selected him for my teacher in the art of writing facts—truth.

We started out in good spirits, both enthused in the object—he to teach and I to learn.

I saw at once that he was on his "p's" and "q's" to set me the best example possible, and I kept my eyes and ears open from the very start.

"I don't know why it was, but he took the first opportunity of a private conversation to impress upon me that total abstinence was the foundation of truthful reporting—he emphasized this 'very foundation rock.' He said:

"Plunkett, on our trip I am sure that we will be invited to 'look upon the wine when it is red.'"

"Yes," said I, "morn' apt."

"And brandy peaches?"

"Morn' apt."

"And brandy cherries?"

"Morn' apt."

"Touch not, taste not, handle not," said he, as my lips smacked together and my mouth watered. "This," he went on, "is the very foundation stone for a beginner to build upon—the very foundation."

"The foundation stone is what?" he would ask.

"Total abstinence," was my answer.

"An apt scholar. Right; the very foundation—the foundation rock," he whispered, in an absent-minded way, as he pulled up the reins and we stopped at the gate of one Thomas Speights, who has a great reputation for making blackberry wine.

"The very foundation," muttered my teacher, as Mrs. Speights opened her door and invited us in.

Oh, the glittering, glistening wine! How it did shine! How it did shine! As numerous glasses were filled to the brim, and A. M. W. took a sip, and I thought with a shock—

Or "the very foundation—the foundation rock."

I kept my eyes open and was convinced that the sight before us did not tempt him—so much for training. I had not arrived at such perfection as yet, for every moment the wine was scoring points against me, but the manifest interest, the disinterested spirit that my teacher showed in the goodness of his heart to instruct me right—exactly right—gave me strength while in his presence, but a little later on when he and Mrs. Speights had occasion to go into another room, taking pains to tell me to keep my seat, I fell.

"I steal a march on them," was my thought at once. I crept to the table, my resolve that I was not out for the business.

I gathered one of the sparkling glasses and crept to the door and peeped to see that I was not caught, and, lo and behold, when I peeped I caught A. M. W. just in the act of raising a glass to his mouth!

It stunned me and I stumbled. The first I made brought his attention and he was the most dignified individual I ever looked upon as he came towards me, wiping his mouth with his handkerchief, muttering:

"Sweet, very sweet; no harm in good sweet cider." And then he put down in his "notes" something about sweet cider one year old, fresh and nice. I guess it was sweet cider, I know it was, but it was a pretty color. My notion is—as I cannot lie since my training—that a full-fledged newspaper man can take indulgences in private that would be entirely out of place in the presence of new beginners.

My friend never made any more institutions upon my predisposition to drink. He got right down to business in a practical way to teach me how to report facts—truth, and he says now—he told me yesterday—that I was the aptest scholar he ever saw.

"Never allow an untruth to slip into your 'notes,'" said he, "and keep closely your informants and see that they stick to facts."

"Facts, facts, facts," he muttered, as we drove up to the gate of the Rev. Sanford Smith. Mr. Smith was full of facts and A. M. W. will give them to the Constitution readers in his masterly way.

While my friend was interviewing Mr. Smith I sauntered off and got a little information on my own hook in regard to the healthfulness of the section west of Atlanta.

As I sauntered along, poking a blackberry here and there, I met one of the most dried-up little men imaginable. As I learned afterwards, this dried-up fellow is ninety-six years old, but when I first met him he was crying and sobbing the same as a spoiled schoolboy. It touched me to see so old a man crying like a child and I followed behind him for some little distance, intending to interview him on the healthfulness of the section.

I never overtook the crying fellow, but pretty soon I met an older and more dried-up old fellow than the first, and striking up a conversation with him I was astonished to learn that he was the father of the first. I further learned that at this old father was the cause of the other's crying—he treated his son about as I have been used to see fathers treat very small children.

I asked the old father why the crying, and he answered that the young scamp didn't want to draw a bucket of water for his grandfather. The answer stunned me but it gave me a good idea of the healthfulness of the section without any talking.

"I spanked him good," said the old father—and thus his crying.

The young man was ninety-six. The father was twenty-five years older and I

don't know how old the grandfather might be.

Now, when a reporter gets such facts as these to put down in his notebook it is a sweet morsel, but ordinarily the people do not want facts, is another one of my notions. Especially do I think that a person interviewed will never grumble—particularly if the reporter is complimentary. But you chance to be a little uncomplimentary and they will jump on you with both feet—you'll catch thunder. The newspaper men, I learn, have what they call a journalistic prerogative—a professional infatuation, as it were. It's a secret, a sort of office or professional secret, but I will tell you how they manage to get along as well as they do, it's a fact.

All reporters are allowed by professional ethics to add to or abstract from the statements they gather. For instance, if I were to interview some yank on the goodness of the north I would subtract a certain per cent of his buncombe, but if I were to interview a grand old southerner on the goodness of the south I would touch it up a good per cent—I would add to it. The trained newspaper man has a professional right, I learn, to size up a fellow, and some of them have a methodical way of doing so. For instance, A. M. W. is what might be called a man of figures—for figures don't lie. He has a method that grades things and uses his professional discretion as to whether he abstracts or adds to.

Newspaper men—...at par. The average farmer—...50 per cent. Politician and lawyer—...100 per cent. Preachers in active service—let alone.

Now the above table simplifies reporting. These per cents can be added to or subtracted from at discretion of the reporter in proportion to their respective grading.

Did you ever have to "wait" at meal time when you was child?

It used to be mighty common in old times and is yet in the country. I can say now that it was the most trying thing that ever came across my childhood path. Many was the time I had to wait till the company was through eating before I could go to the table, and there is no telling how many black marks I have against me in Newnan.

I have stood and watched through the chinks in the old dining room and have seen reach after reach made for the chicken dish until I wished there were no churches, preachers and never any company. The "grace" seemed so long, and the dishes were relieved of their savory loads so fast that I would grit my teeth and turn black with rage—turning blacker and blacker and gritting my teeth the harder every time I would hear that off-repeated invitation:

"Have some more—do have some more."

I fairly boiled over every time they reached out. I thought my parents were fools; I felt wicked; I would shake my fist and jump up and down and use every mean word that I was then acquainted with.

It is mighty bad to make children wait; they waited on us the day of our trip and that is the only thing that marred the pleasures.

No grown-up person would look at my teacher on that trip and judge him to be a big eater. But children can tell—so study these eaters. I think they have to wait. Where we stopped for dinner the children looked mighty sad—a shadow fell over their countenances as soon as they sized my friend up. I agree with them now, since I see him lay away one meal, but I didn't know it before—didn't suspect it.

But all is well that ends well. My friend is a most excellent teacher, and I do now pride myself on being a trained, truthful newspaper man.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

Joseph Ruby, of Columbia, Pa., suffered from birth with a tumor, all but perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

You drink it once, and you'll always drink Fruit-Cade.

The "Knight Circle." Dedicated to the Knights of Pythias; long Havana filler; Cuban hand-made; try it; manufactured by the Key West Factory, Montgomery, Ala.

Now, just try a glass of Fruit-Cade at Nunnally's.

Two Shares Get a Lot. The High Point Cumberland Island Company gives a lot of \$2500, near the hotel, to every person who subscribes for two shares of stock, which costs \$100 a share payable in four monthly installments of \$25 each, to be paid on or before the 1st of each month. The money paid on these shares goes to the hands of trustees, who guarantee that it will be applied to building a first-class modern hotel, a railroad from the hotel to the ocean pier, and a first-class hotel, with game, with game the two-thousand-acre game park, and an artesian well; and all of these things will be done and the stockholder will receive a good interest dividend and the same time own a lot for every two shares taken. Call and see us and get particulars and secure shares at a lot.

SAM'L W. GOODE & CO.

Well, yes, I rather like Fruit-Cade. Nothing is more healthy.

Two young ladies of high social position and graduates of the Huntsville, Ala., Female college desire positions as teachers in private families, public or private schools. Best references given. Address Rev. A. B. Jones, Huntsville, Ala.

Well, well! Try Fruit-Cade. At leading fountain.

Miss Hanna will take a limited number of private pupils for the summer months at her school, No. 15 E. Cain, Mathematics a specialty. Apply at No. 15 at 9 a. m.

BALLARD HOUSE. A New and Elegant Hotel on Peachtree Street.

One of the best and most convenient hotels in the city is the Ballard house. Its location is just opposite the governor's mansion. It has suites and single rooms. Every convenience. The choicest fare. jan-20-diy

It's a genuine treat to drink Fruit-Cade. jan-7c

WHISKY AND OPIUM. An Awful Though Unintentional Error, is that of drinking whisky and opium and moonshine, and applying to Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., and be cured as thousands of others have been who are now free with unclouded minds and happy families. A treatise sent free to all applicants.

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES THE E. T. V. AND GA. Has for Travel to Cincinnati and Beyond.

It is a fact that the traveling public should be made familiar with that the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railway is the only line running through sleepers to Cincinnati the whole year round without change. Their leading train leaves Atlanta at 10 o'clock every Tuesday, arriving at Cincinnati 30 the following morning, making connection with the carrying and moving cars through to Chicago at 5:30 p. m., also with trains equally as elegant from New York and the east. If you are going to Chicago send your name to E. E. Kirby, C. T. A., Kimball house corner, Atlanta, Ga., and be cured as thousands of others have been who are now free with unclouded minds and happy families. A treatise sent free to all applicants.

Calwell's Furniture Police, now being sold in this city, is said to be the best ever made. Sample packages are being sold for the small sum of 50 cents. It can be used on pianos, and for that matter, all kinds of the finest furniture. Buy a bottle when the agent calls at your house, or ask Mr. J. J. Caldwell at M. M. Mauck's. jan-25-d

Fruit-Cade is made from the purest fruits juice.

LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining in Atlanta, Ga., postoffice unclaimed June 13, 1892. Persons calling please advise and give date. One cent must be paid on each advertised letter.

Ladies' List.
A—Miss Lorena Allen.
B—Mrs. Annie M. Block, Mrs. Julia Brown, 103 Jackson street; Mrs. Irene Bedford, Mrs. D. H. Briscoe, 110 Vine.
C—Mrs. T. M. Christian, Mrs. Jennie Cooper, 7 Peachtree; Mrs. Elizabeth Cade, Miss Anna Casey, 13 Grandinway.
D—Mrs. E. DeLoach.
E—Mrs. Joseph O. Fessler, 55 East Harris.
F—Miss Sarah E. Green, 530 Propoy, 2; Mrs. Thine Harris, 89 Whitehall; Mrs. Ma. Ch. Hatfield, Mrs. Mary Hart, Mrs. Nettie Hamilton, 32 Wheat.
G—Mrs. Florence Jones, 400 Whitehall.
H—Mrs. E. H. Kinkaid.
I—Mrs. Dora Lawson, 13 West Jackson; Miss Ellen Lee, 133 Spring.
J—Miss Corine Nickels, 188 Stonewall.
K—Miss Mary Presswood, 612 Whitehall, corner Hunter; Mrs. Mattie Pie, 32 Houston.
L—Miss Corine Nickels, 188 Stonewall.
M—Mrs. E. Richardson, 17 South Forsyth.
N—Mrs. A. G. Scales, 174 Boulevard avenue; Mrs. J. B. Simpson, Miss Joseph Spike, Miss Orrie Smith, 535 Whitehall; Mrs. Pennington, Miss Sallie Simms, 16 Hummick; Nellie Scales.
O—Mrs. F. B. Thornton, Mrs. L. I. Thompson.
P—Mrs. H. B. Whitman, Mrs. J. W. Weaver, 84 Wheat; Judie White, Maude Williams, 278 Mangum.
Gentlemen's List.
A—John Adeline, 102 Patton st.; Lash Alan.
B—Mr. Boorn, care Judge Hook; Columbus Brock, E. N. Biggers, No. 48; Dr. H. Burns, 150 Whitehall; Jacob Berry, W. D. Benson, Mickles.
C—Jack Crabtree, Turner Canby, W. N. Curtis, W. M. Christie.
D—Mr. L. Dixon, John Davis, Lewis Dials, Virgil Davis, colored, 100 Richardson.
E—C. Ellis.
F—J. W. Fannin, 23 Liny st.
G—Dr. Gunter, J. E. Garst, Jacob Glaner, Leary Gordon, Whitehall; W. H. Green.
H—Mr. J. H. Harris, 19 Peters st.; N. Hill, No. 38; R. M. Hughes & Co.; Richard Hubbard, 346 Main st.; Thomas Hamilton, 21 N. Hardwick; W. A. Huffman, Col. W. Hunt.
I—B. B. Jones, E. M. Johnson, 82 Ivy; L. L. Jones, 100 Main.
K—C. E. Kemp, James Kirby, 103 Rhoson.
L—Mr. Luncyann, Houston st.; J. B. Lewis.
M—E. L. Mollard, F. M. May, George Marbel, corner Ivy; J. P. Miller, 73 Bush; L. B. Meets, N. J. Manley.
N—Green Newnan.
O—C. L. Pairo, L. A. Pease, W. N. Phillimore, William H. Rogers, Jr.; J. R. Rhoson, 204 Edgewood ave.; Eld. J. R. Respass, Simone May Road.
P—Rev. C. Smith, Carl Schneider, Rev. E. A. Squier, G. T. Sturdivant, Mrs. J. H. Shelton, J. O. Schaffer, Tom Spencer.
Q—C. R. Thompson, care R. D. R. B.; L. T. Taylor.
R—J. H. Vermillion.
S—W. A. Watson, A. T. Woodman, Jerry Williams, 619 N. Main; J. A. W. Williams, W. W. Waters, Marcus A. Welch, R. C. Williams.
Miscellaneous.
Swanson's Conservatory, 5 Points South Highland; Duplan & Bros.
To insure prompt delivery, please have your mail addressed to J. R. LEWIS, Postmaster.
E. F. BLODGETT, Superintendent.
A Legacy of Anguish.
The rheumatic taint transmitted from parent to child is really a legacy of anguish. Moreover, trifling causes, such as setting in a draught, the neglect to speedily change damp clothing, readily develop it. Whether rheumatism be hereditary or contracted by exposure, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the surest remedy for expelling the virus from the blood and for preventing the later encroachments of disease. Equally potent is it in arresting malingerers, bilious and kidney trouble and constipation.
For a disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.
His Disease.
From Puck.
Briggs—Just got word from the west that Charles Briggs died.
Brown—Poor fellow! What did he die of?
Briggs—A silk hat at a cowboy ball.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething gives quiet rest. 25 cents a bottle.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion and Stomach disorders, use BROWN'S RICE BITTERS.

All dealers keep it. \$1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

FUNERAL NOTICES.

BEATIE—The friends and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Beattie and family are invited to attend the funeral of their infant son, John, this afternoon at 4 o'clock, from 56 W. Peachtree street. Interment at Oakwood.

MEETINGS.

A regular convocation of Mount Zion Chapter, No. 16, Royal Arch Masons, will be held at the Masonic hall, old capitol building, at 8 o'clock, this (Monday) evening. Several applications for the degree will be balloted on. The officers of the order, M. degrees. Companions in good standing fraternally invited to attend. Take elevator at Fourth street entrance.

ZADOC B. MOON, Secretary.

Sterling Silverware.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES.

Maier & Berkele,

93 Whitehall St.

WANTED

Special Agents For

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South Carolina and Georgia

JAMES G. WEST,

GENERAL AGENT,

3½ Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga.

WHY DRINK

INFERIOR WHISKY

John W. Dickey,

Stock and Bond Broker,

AUGUSTA, GA.

Correspondence Invited.

W. H. PATTERSON,

Dealer in Investment Securities

29 East Alabama Street.

Room 7, Gate City Bank Building

TO CAPITALISTS!

ATLANTA MORTGAGES.

Bearing 7 per cent semi-annual interest.

Secured by choice city real estate.

On hand for sale.

Full information furnished on request.

BARKER & HOLLMAN,

Offices: 30, 31 and 32 Gould Building.

When you can get Canadian Club at box a

advance, it is a wholesale depot.

Bluthardt & Bickel, 23 E. B. & B. 44 and 46

Marquette street, Phone 575.

When you can get Canadian Club at box a

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Bluthardt & Bickel, 23 E. B. & B. 44 and 46

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Bluthardt & Bickel, 23 E. B. & B. 44 and 46

Marquette street, Phone 575.

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BLACKWELL'S EVERYWHERE.

Bull Durham

SMOKING TOBACCO.

Whether on the hills gaming; in the place of business; or at home, it always fills that niche of comfort—a good smoke. Put up in handy packages, and recognized everywhere as a Pure Granulated Leaf Tobacco of the highest quality; it recommends itself to every smoker's use. Sold everywhere.

BULL DURHAM

Is always uniform in quality. Pure, sweet and clean.

THE IDEAL OF FINE TOBACCO.

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO.,

DURHAM, N. C.

The Atlanta Trust & Banking Co.

CORNER FRYOR AND ALABAMA STREETS.

Capital, \$150,000. Undivided Profits, \$30,000.

TOTAL LIABILITY OF STOCKHOLDERS, \$330,000.

A general banking business transacted. Superior advantages for handling collections. Commercial paper discounted at current rates. Loans made on marketable collaterals.

Accounts of Banks, Corporations, Firms and Individuals Solicited.

Issues certificates of deposit payable on demand, drawing interest at the rate of 4 per cent per annum if left three months; 4½ per cent per annum if left six months; and 5 per cent per annum if left twelve months.

DIRECTORS: W. A. Hemphill, H. T. Inman, Charles N. Fowler, R. M. Cord, E. C. Spaulding, J. Carroll Payne, A. J. N. Manley.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY.

GATE CITY NATIONAL BANK,

OF ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$300,000.

SAFE DEPOSIT AND STORAGE VAULT.

Boxes to rent at 65¢ to \$20 per annum, according to size. Interest paid on deposits as follows: Demand Certificates to draw interest at the rate of 3 per cent per annum if left four months; 4 per cent per annum if left six months; 4½ per cent per annum if left twelve months. Accommodations limited solely by the requirements of sound banking principles. Patronage solicited.

W. A. Hemphill, President. CHAS. A. COLLIER, Vice President. JACOB HAAS, Cash.

THE CAPITAL CITY BANK,

CITY DEPOSITORY.

CAPITAL, \$400,000. SURPLUS, \$100,000.

Individual liability same as national banks; transacts a general banking business; commercial paper discounted; loans made upon approved collateral, and collections on points in the United States, Canada and throughout Europe, made on the most favorable terms; draw our own bills of exchange on Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, France, Austria and other European states; invite the accounts of individuals, firms, banks, bankers and corporations; issue demand certificates or savings bank book to order at the rate of 3½ per cent per annum if left 60 days, 4 per cent per annum if left 90 days, 4½ per cent per annum if left 12 months.

R. F. Maddox, Pres.; J. W. Rucker, Vice Pres.; W. L. Peel, Cash.; G. A. Nicolson, Asst. Cash.

Maddox-Rucker Banking Co.

Capital, \$150,000. Charter Liability, \$300,000.

Transact a general Banking Business; approved paper discounted, and loans made on collateral. Will be pleased to meet or correspond with parties contemplating changing or opening new accounts. Interest on deposits as follows: 3½ per cent if left six months, 4 per cent if left 12 months.

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RESTAURANT AND LADIES' CAFE,

NO. 16 WHITEHALL STREET.

The choicest and most palatable fare in the city. Ice cream parlors for ladies a specialty. OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

ESTABLISHED 1866. SOUTHERN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

77 S. Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.

The leading Commercial College of the South. Shorthand, Bookkeeping, Telegraphy, Drawing, Commercial Law, Grammar, Spelling, Typewriting, and all Commercial Branches taught practically.

No old-time methods. Our graduates are in demand at salaries from \$50 to \$100 a month, forty even less in Britain, Ireland, Germany, France, Austria and other European states; invite the accounts of individuals, firms, banks, bankers and corporations; issue demand certificates or savings bank book to order at the rate of 3½ per cent per annum if left 60 days, 4 per cent per annum if left 90 days, 4½ per cent per annum if left 12 months.

Our students are members of the Y.M.C.A. without cost. Large catalogue sent free. Telephone 325.

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Occupies the ENTIRE Second Floor of the CRICHTON Building, 49 Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga. Success absolutely guaranteed. Hundreds of graduates in positions. Elegant catalogue free.

We manufacture the following Specialties.

TRY THEM!

Pure Red Lead, One Coat Carriage Paints, Enamel Paints, Fulton Tinted Lead, Artists' Oil Colors, Iron Brand Roof Paints, Varnishes and Japans. Dealers in Brushes and Window Glass.

F. J. COOLEIDGE & BRO.,

21 EAST ALABAMA STREET. ATLANTA, GA.

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HUMPHREYS CASTLEMAN

8
R. H. PLANT, REMOVER.

A. R. R. F.

The Peach Crop at Fort Valley and Vicinity
IS IN ITS GLORY.

THE ATLANTA AND FLORIDA R. R.

will sell Special Excursion Tickets to parties who desire visiting that section.

For further information, apply to
E. E. KIRBY, TICKET AGENT.
Kimball House.

T. W. GARRETT, Supt.

J. M. WHALING, Traffic Man,
sup col lth and cor-sp

DR. W. W. BOWES!
24 Marietta Street, Atlanta, Ga.



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—IN—
CHRONIC Nervous, Skin and Blood and
all diseases, syph
VARICOCELE and HYDROCELE, permanently cured in
every case.
NERVOUS debility, mental losses, impaired
memory, loss of energy, despondency, loss of
confidence, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, loss of
interest in life, loss of power, loss of strength, loss of
vitality, loss of manhood, loss of womanhood, loss of
youth, loss of old age, loss of all.
BLOOD AND SKIN diseases, all of
its terrible results totally eradicated. Urticaria,
eczema, scabies, psoriasis, erysipelas, erythema,
eczema, erysipelas. Permanently cured when
others have failed.
URINARY kidney and bladder troubles,
gonorrhea, gleet, urinary sediments, cystitis, etc.,
quickly cured.
UTERINE and ovarian troubles, menorrhagia,
leucorrhoea, sterility, etc., cured.
WOMEN'S diseases, all of
its terrible results totally eradicated. Urticaria,
eczema, scabies, psoriasis, erysipelas, erythema,
eczema, erysipelas. Permanently cured when
others have failed.
WOMEN'S diseases, all of
its terrible results totally eradicated. Urticaria,
eczema, scabies, psoriasis, erysipelas, erythema,
eczema, erysipelas. Permanently cured when
others have failed.

Young Mothers!
We Offer You a Remedy
which Insures Safety to
Life of Mother and Child.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"
Safe Confinement of the
Pain, Horror and Risk.

After using one bottle of "Mother's Friend" I
suffered but little pain, and did not experience that
weakness afterward usual in such cases.—Mrs.
Annie Gage, Lamar, Mo., Jan. 10th, 1891.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of
price, \$1.00 per bottle. Books to Mothers mailed free.
HEADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,
ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**PERFECTED
CRYSTAL LENSES**
TRADE MARK.
Quality First and Always.

KELLMAN & MOORE, Scientific Opticians,
Manufacturers of Fine Spectacles and Eye-
lasses, and Dealers in Scientific Instruments.
Retail Room, 54 Old Capitol, opposite Post-
office.

MANHOOD RESTORED.
"SANTALIN," the
"Wonderful" Spanish
Remedy, is sold with a
Written Guarantee to
cure all cases of
Nervous, Skin and Blood
diseases, such as
Syphilis, Gonorrhea,
Gleet, etc., and by
its use, the system is
restored to its normal
condition. It is a
powerful, yet gentle,
and safe remedy, and
is sold with a written
guarantee to cure or
refund the money.
Sent by mail to any
address. Circular free
in plain envelope. Mention this paper.
Address,
MORRIS CHAMBERLAIN, CHICAGO, ILL.
50 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.
FOR SALE IN ATLANTA, GA., BY
Chas. O. Tynes, Druggist, Marietta & Broad Sts.
E. L. Palmer, Druggist, 15 Kimball House.
6-12-92 R. M.

MONON ROUTE
LOUISVILLE, NEW HAVEN & CHICAGO RY. CO.

Are you going to Chicago, or any point in
the Northwest, via Chicago? If so, ask your ticket
agent for tickets via Louisville, or via Cincinnati,
and Indianapolis; Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton
and Monon, positively the only line running
Pullman vestibule train, electric-lighted,
steam heated, with magnificent dining cars and
compartments sleeping cars.
W. H. McNEEL, JAMES BARKER,
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Business College
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ONE OF THE BEST AND CHEAPEST BUSINESS
Colleges in America. Hundreds of graduates
in good positions. Three first-class penmen.
Success guaranteed. Send for Catalogue.

HIS WIFE'S LETTER

Gets Zed Rainey into Some Serious
Trouble.

HE BROKE IT OPEN AND READ IT.

Now He's in Jail, and is Sighing for
His Home and His Wife—A Strange
Story of Imprisonment.

Peering through the grated doors of
his cell in the Fulton county jail, Zed Rainey
yesterday told the story of his wife's un-
faithfulness, and when he had finished his
narrative he added:
"Yes, I will go right back to her, when I
am out of this place. I love her, and it was
because I loved her that I did it. But I
am troubled almost to death in this place."
His words were husky, spoken, but there
was a ring of earnestness and sincerity
about them that could not be mistaken.
And there was something in his shifting
gaze, and knitted brow that betokened
acute mental anguish.

"Yes," he repeated again, "I think she's
all right. But I am glad I broke open the
letter. I'm satisfied that they had been
talking too much together and if I hadn't
broken open that letter, and showed them
that I knew something about it things
might have grown worse."

The remembrance of it caused a swift look
of pain to flit over his face, and he ran his
hands through his hair in perplexity.

A Pretty Wife.

Zed Rainey lives in the little town of
Acworth, on the Western and Atlantic rail-
road. He is a man about thirty years
old, and has a wife who is pretty and quite
charming.

The two have no children and live alone
in the quiet unpretentious village.

Rainey runs a beef market and until
about a month ago his wife was employed
as Mr. J. J. Prather's shoe factory.

Mr. Prather is well known in Acworth,
and is a married gentleman about Rainey's
own age.

While Mrs. Rainey was at work at the
shoe factory, Rainey thought he noticed
that she and Prather talked together a
great deal and he became suspicious, and
kept a watch on the two.

His suspicions may have been due to
his own blind jealousy or they may have
been well founded. Anyway he nursed
them and they grew upon him.

A month ago Mrs. Rainey quit Prather's
employ but Rainey's watch over their
movements did not cease.

About the middle of the week just ended
Rainey saw his wife come up town
dressed in her best clothes, carrying a letter
in her hand.

She went to the postoffice, but she was
followed by Rainey's jealous eyes.

Let Me See That Letter.

A minute afterward she came out, all
unsuspicious that her husband was watch-
ing her.

The letter was no longer in her hand.
Rainey went into the postoffice and asked if his
wife had mailed a letter there. The postmaster
told him she had.

"Then, let me see it," he demanded.

The postmaster handed it to him and as
his eyes fell upon the backing he gave a
great start. It was directed to Prather.

He turned it over, and read the
full contents. Then he went home and
confronted his wife with it.

She was angry that he should have
done such a thing and a stormy domestic
scene ensued.

The next day Mrs. Rainey told Mr. Prath-
er of the affair.

Had Rainey Arrested.

Mr. Prather was very indignant and at
once had Rainey arrested for unlawfully
opening the United States mails.

Rainey was locked in jail, and on Saturday
was brought to Atlanta and put in
the Fulton county jail. He was given a
hearing before Judge Will Haight and bail
was fixed at \$500. This he has so far failed
to give. He is looking for some of his
friends to come over today and sign his
bond.

He is badly disturbed over the affair, but
says he will go back to his wife as soon
as he leaves jail.

"I don't think," the distressed fellow
said, "that she has done any serious wrong
but to write that letter."

A MODERN XANTIPPE.

Mr. Hannaford says that Mrs. Hannaford
threw a brick at him.

A very uninteresting case was
filed in the clerk's office Saturday.

It was the suit of Mr. Charles H. Hannaford
against his wife, Mrs. Frances C. H.
Hannaford; and the story he tells is a thrill-
ing narrative of domestic infidelity.

He says that his wife drove him away from
home and hastened his flight by throwing a
brick at him as he ran through the gate.

The union that terminated so unhappily
was solemnized over twenty years ago.
The plaintiff standing up with his bride before
the altar on the 10th of November, 1870. The
son of the orange blossom, however, was
not retained in their wedlock, and the pleasures
of matrimony commenced to wane with
their honeymoon.

Mrs. Hannaford being a woman of strong
mind and fitted by nature for the responsi-
bilities of home rule, she began to up-
"lord it" over her husband, so he claims, and
from the statement of the plaintiff's petition,
he lived in mortal fear of her peevishness.

He endured the ordeal, however, with So-
cratic philosophy until last Wednesday, when
the wrath of his wife grew so intense, that
she ordered him out of the house, and told him not to return,
and throwing a brick at his head, and utter-
ing a volley of epithets that she did not learn from
the plaintiff.

Mr. Hannaford states that his wife is a
large woman, weighing about one hundred
and seventy-five pounds, strong, healthy,
and by far his superior physically. She is,
he says, woman of violent temper, and being
unable to restrain or manage her, he was
always outgeneraled in their domestic en-
counters.

He states that he is worth \$3,000 in the
house and lot, of which his wife is in pos-
session, and uses for the recovery of his prop-
erty in addition to a verdict of divorce.

To Cleanse the System

effectually, yet gently, when the costive or
bilious or when the blood is impure or slugh-
ish, to permanently cure habitual constipa-
tion, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a
healthy activity, without irritating or
weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds
or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Traveling to Chicago.

The Georgia democratic delegation and the
Young Men's Democratic League of Georgia,
through their respective committees, have
selected as the official route of their special
train for Chicago from Atlanta, the Western
and Atlantic to Chattanooga, the Nashville,
Chattanooga and St. Louis to Nashville, the
Louisville and Nashville to Louisville, the
Pennsylvania line to Chicago. The special
will leave Atlanta at 4 p. m., on June 18th,
and arrive at Chicago at 3 p. m., on
June 18th.

The train will be composed of elegant
Pullman Palace Vestibule Sleeping cars. The
extra charge for berths will be \$3.70, or if
two people occupy one berth \$1.85 each. It
is important that all who contemplate this
trip advise Mr. Fred D. Bush, Dist. Pass.
Agent, at once, space they desire.

June 12-1892

PERSONAL

C. J. DANIEL, wall paper, window shades, room
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Have your pictures framed at Thornton's.

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100 cards with plate, \$1.50, at Thornton's.

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Walker, 12 Marietta street. He carries a fine

assortment of stockings and water socks. Lowest

prices on goods. Mail orders receive prompt

attention.

June 12-1892

THE WEST END BAPTISTS

Have Begun a Fund for Improvements to
Their Church.

The Second Baptist people are now build-
ing a new church house and the First, Central
and Sixth Baptists are all contemplating
building soon. The building fever has ex-
tended even into West End, and it remains
for her to fall into line at the head of the
procession next to the Second Baptist in erect-
ing a new and handsome church building.

At a meeting of the finance committee of
the West End Baptist church the matter of
building the front and auditorium to their
present Sunday school room as originally in-
tended, was freely discussed by the commit-
tee, and at the regular business meeting of
the church the attention of the church was
directed to the enterprise. It met with unan-
imous approval and substantial encourage-
ment by the members. It was ascer-
tained at this meeting that the list had been
headed with \$4,000 in subscriptions from
four men, \$1,000 each, and that one or two
other subscriptions of like amount would
probably be secured as soon as the parties
could be seen and the matter fully explained
to them.

To this end, the several others with
subscriptions of \$500 each will be added, and
it is believed that there are fifteen or twenty
other men who will subscribe \$250 each, and a
larger number from that amount on down, as
their fall income when offered the opportunity
of ten or twelve thousand dollars or
upwards in subscriptions. Ten thousand dol-
lars in subscriptions by the members of the
church means that amount of money in actual
cash when due and needed, for they always
discharge their obligations to the church and
municipality. Their record in the
past will verify this assertion, and whatever
they have undertaken they have performed,
and this last but greatest enterprise will be no
exception to the rule.

The new building will be fifty feet wide,
extending from door to door of the present
Sunday school room, joined onto it, and all
of the part of the present building construc-
ed of wood will be torn away and sliding doors
put in, thereby enabling both rooms to be
thrown into one large hall.

The material to be used will be the best
hand-pressed brick, with marble trimmings
for the windows, and the front of the building
will be on Lee street and extending out within a
few feet of the sidewalk, will be of brick,
terra cotta and marble. The steps will also
be of marble and the entire floor of the vestibule
will be beautifully tiled.

Probably no improvement will be made over
the windows in their present building, for
they are acknowledged by all who see them
to be the best of the kind. The windows
will have the best, most convenient and hand-
somest church edifice when completed of any
of the kind in the city, and it is believed that
only a short time at that, will be necessary
for the accomplishment of the undertaking.

A NEGRO AND A PENCIL.

A Slick Trick, but it Will Bind the Shakes.

A lead pencil in the hands of a slick neg-
ro got the negro into trouble Saturday when
he will be some time in getting out of it.

The negro is Clarence Strickland, and he
has been employed for some time at Mad-
dox, Rucker & Co.'s, the bankers.

Saturday they discovered that the shrewd
negro had been stealing from them in a very
slip way, and they immediately had him
arrested and lodged in the police station.

Strickland has been at work for the firm
for a long time and was thought to be per-
fectly trustworthy.

Almost daily he has been sent to the
Southern Express Company's office to get
packages of freight shipped to the bank,
for six months.

Money would be given him to pay the
freight, which he would do, and the freight
would be shipped to the bank, and the neg-
ro would be given the receipts at the ex-
press office and given to the negro upon his
paying the freight.

The way he has conducted his swindling
scheme was to alter the amount of freight,
making it larger, and keeping the difference
in the real amount and the fictitious one
pure profit.

The scheme was a very easy one worked.

The negro would just put out the figures
made by the clerks in the express office and
substitute figures of his own making, and
has gone on since February and Maddox,
Rucker & Co. have been swindled out of a
large sum of money, by the sharp negro's
trick of the pencil.

The negro Strickland went down to the
express office for a package of freight as
usual.

One of the clerks discovered that some-
one had been tampering with the figures
on the book and upon looking back he found
that since February the figures had been
changed.

The matter was reported to Maddox,
Rucker & Co. at once, and a few minutes
of investigation showed conclusively that
the negro had been doing the work.

Officer Beavers was called in and he ar-
rested Strickland.

The exact amount of the negro's steal-
ing cannot be ascertained until the books
are gone through carefully, but it may be
large.

The negro is in jail.

ARRESTED AGAIN.

Two Salvation Army Women Again in
Trouble.

The Salvation Army women are in
trouble again, and Recorder Calhoun will
have to arbitrate their troubles.

Saturday night Captain Martha Davis, and
Sara Smith, one of her faithful lieutenants,
went into the Kimball house and moved
among the people there offering to
sell The War Cry, the Salvation Army
papers.

Mr. Beermann, the proprietor of the Kim-
ball, asked the women out and when they
refused to go he told Special Officer Martin
to arrest them.

This he did, and carried them to the
police station.

A big crowd followed them, and the
women kept shouting "Hallelujah," "Praise
the Lord," as they were carried along.

At the police station cases were entered
against both of them, and copies of charges
were given them.

If they are fined it is expected that they
will go to the stockade before they will pay a
fine.

DR. AUTEN'S FUNERAL.

It Occurred Yesterday from the Marietta
Street Methodist Church.

The last rites over the body of Dr. B. M.
Auten occurred from the Marietta street
Methodist church yesterday morning at 11
o'clock.

A large crowd of friends and acquaintances
gathered to pay their last respects to the
physician. The floral tributes were quite
numerous, and many beautiful designs
were on the casket.

The services were conducted by the pastor
of the church, Rev. J. L. Dawson, assisted
by Rev. L. L. Fowler. The body was in charge
of the Atlanta lodge of Masons, and delega-
tions from the Reformed and Old Fellows
were also present. The funeral followed
was beautiful, solemn and impressive.

The body was interred in Westview
cemetery and a long procession of growing
friends followed the casket to its last resting
place.

AROUND THE COURTHOUSE.

Saturday was a quiet day about the cour-
thouse.

There was a bar meeting at 9 o'clock in the
superior courtroom, at which cases were set
for trial.

The train which left for Chicago at 4 p. m., on
June 18th, will arrive at Chicago at 3 p. m., on
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The train will be composed of elegant
Pullman Palace Vestibule Sleeping cars. The
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June 12-1892

KNIFED BY A NEGRO.

A White Man Fearfully Cut Saturday
Night.

THE SLASHER—MAKES HIS ESCAPE.

Bloodhounds Were Put on the Trail but to
No Effect—A Most Brutal Assault.
The Man May Die.

Thomas Fleming, a Central railroad fire-
man, who lives at 156 South Boulevard,
was cut to pieces in a fearful manner Sat-
urday night, and the chances are that he
will die.

A big, drunken negro, named Albert
Dows, wielded the blade that gave Fleming
his terrible wounds.

After carrying on Fleming until he thought
him dead, Dows ran off into the darkness
and made good his escape.

Bloodhounds were put on his trail, but
they failed to track the fleeing negro.

Today a strong search will be made for
the guilty wretch, as the friends of the
wounded man are anxious that he be
brought to justice.

How It Happened.

Saturday night about 8 o'clock Fleming
was walking along Fair street on his way
home.

At the corner of Fair and Gullatt streets
Fleming heard a woman's screams, ming-
led with the sound of heavy blows.

Looking up he saw a negro man beating
his wife with a heavy stick, while she was
screaming and trying to get away. The
two were in the yard surrounding a small
dwelling standing on one corner of Fair
and Gullatt streets.

"Help! Help!"

Fleming stopped and looked for a mo-
ment upon the negro beating his wife. At
her efforts to escape his heavy blows he
became more and more enraged and plied
the stick all the heavier.

Seeing Fleming the terrified woman
screamed to him to help her for God's sake,
that her husband was killing her.

Fleming stepped inside the yard and
walked toward the pair.

This attempted interference maddened
the burly wretch and he rushed upon
Fleming.

Drawing an ugly knife he made a dive
for Fleming's throat, with a heavy
swing of the right arm he brought the shin-
ing blade down upon Fleming's throat.

A stream of blood spurted from the
wound, and Fleming tried to stay the ne-
gro's arm.

Again and again the negro drew back his
arm and stabbed Fleming in the throat,
the face and in his breast.

Fleming finally dropped to the ground,
weak from loss of blood, unconscious and
suffering terrible agonies.

Thinking his victim was dead the negro
ran out the gate and down Gullatt street
toward Grant park.

Prightened within an inch of her life, the
negro woman ran down the street scream-
ing at the top of her lungs for help, and in a
short while several people had reached Flem-
ing's side.

Blood was pouring from three or four
deep gashes in Fleming's throat, and other
wounds about the face and chest.

He was unconscious and groaning in great
pain.

A doctor was hastily summoned and he
sawed up the ugly wounds.

News of the cutting affair was tele-
phoned to the police station, and Call Of-
ficers Beavers and New went out to the
scene of the difficulty.

Bill Jones's trained bloodhounds were
secured to track the negro, but he had been
gone too long and the scent was cold.

Fleming was carried to his home on
South Boulevard in the city ambulance.

It is thought that he will die.

KILLED BY THE CARS.

And His Body Was Shipped to Georgia for
Burial.

Bogard, Ga., June 12.—(Special.)—The
body of J. H. Conner, the man who was
killed on a negro excursion train at Nor-
ton's cut, near Webster, Ky., was shipped
here for burial by a brick layer, and had been
at work in Owensboro, but being out of
employment and money and thinking that
he could get work in Louisville, his friends
made up a few dollars for him and he
bought a round trip ticket on this excu-
sion train. There was about fifty white
persons on the train, and when they
stopped at the tank just above Sample
Conner, telling his seat companion that he
would be back directly and to hold the seat
for him, got up and went outside, leaving
his travel ticket on his seat. On the plat-
form he met an acquaintance, whose name
could not be learned, and from some cause
they did not return to the coach,